

6
Greenwich-Hill.

A

P O E M.

By M^r Manning.

Quod superest, ultrò sacris largire Camænis.

Lord Coke.



LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren*, for *Francis Saunders* at the *Blue Anchor*, in
the lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*, 1697.

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M.

H.

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P.

By M. Manning

Lord Coke

First printed, and printed in America



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T O
D^r HENRY NEWTON.

DEAR SIR,

THE following piece has a natural recourse to you, for 'twas your character of the distinguish'd Prospects which Greenwich afforded, (before I had taken a very strict view of them My self) that first inclin'd me to attempt the draught: and tho' Cooper's Hill has not suffer'd me to pretend to an Original, yet is it Honour enough for me to Copy after That, especially since it gives me an occasion to publish the just regard I have for any thing that You commend.

Sir John Denham, you know, was a great Wit, and the Poem I mention'd is justly celebrated for a Master-piece in the kind. But then as the Hill He chose admits not such variety of Prospect as Greenwich, (which Barclay who had been a great Traveller, prefers to any He had seen) one may easily conceive, that had That famous Poet taken Greenwich for his Theme, it must in his hands have rais'd it self even above Cooper's Hill.

But here, Sir, in such an artless performance as Mine, you must not think of the least Comparison. I have only attempted what He could have made compleat. To have proportion, good sense, beauty, and harmony in a Poem, belongs to very few Writers in these days.

Not but that we have several living Examples of true Genius, and refin'd Art amongst us. Some, who tho' they ne'er attempted to write Epick Poems, yet in the Judgment of Skillful Men could have exceeded any Modern Undersakings of that kind. But even among the best, where do we find a concurrence of those Qualifications, that ought to be distinguish'd in a Poet?

I have often agreed with you, that to the making of a good Poet it is requisite, that He should have a round stock of Learning, a Conversation with the Court, and the Art of Versifying. These things, besides a Genius which is the Soul of all, are so connected with each other, that a Man can never be said to be finish'd without them all. That Mr. Waller was perhaps the Man amongst us that has most deserv'd this Character, will, I believe, upon consideration go very near to be granted.

He was indeed a great Genius, nor had He less Art and Happiness in the ordering and expressing of his thoughts. A Man of a wonderful fancy, an inimitable softness, a delicacy as well as a justness of sense, a politeness of Language even in his first pieces, (which may give us Wonder, when we consider there was not much above twenty years between Spencer and Him) and a most harmonious turn of words. All is easy, natural, and flowing, and yet his industry is such, that every thing he says is of full weight, and attended with all the Shining Graces of Poetry.

Many

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Many of the rest appear full of Genius, and sprightly Wit, but without seeming to inherit all that is necessary: And some, you are sensible, sivoln with Envy and ill Nature (failings, which Men of true Wit and generous breeding would be ashamed of) make a trade of carping at every trivial fault in other Men's Works, when their own are too abominable even to merit Censure.

I do confess a good Critick is of great use in the Common-Wealth of Learning: One who is just enough to separate a Man's Person from his Works, and in the last to censure such faults only, as are either unnatural, indecent, or wholly disagreeing with their subject; not to be rigidly Censorious, but to observe and practise the good-natur'd rule of Horace.

—Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.

How averse our Criticks are to such humanity of temper, I need not mention; since you, who are truly indu'd with so much of it, have often justly despis'd them for their barbarity in attacking the slender failings of Great Men, and not only inavoiding their Excellencies, but presuming with a shameful vanity to make a fault sometimes by their own false Judgment of what is exceeding proper in the Author they censure.

For my own part I know myself below their Envy, and therefore dare speak. Besides, what I have done in relation to Greenwich, was chiefly in obedience to some Friends, whose commands are of more weight with me than all the dangers of pride, and ill-nature from those Wretches, who being unacquainted with good Manners and true Sense, make Detraction and Envy the Employment of their Lives.

I may very well call it ill-Nature and Envy, and want of breeding in them, and not so good a sense of Men and things as others have, that excites them to be so censorious, since in You we find not only an Universal Knowledge, accompanied with a perfect Civility and good Nature; but such an extraordinary Modesty, that were it not for your goodness, I could scarce hope to be forgiven by you for publishing a Truth, which all that know you will do you the justice to declare, as well as

Your most Affectionate Brother,

and very Faithful, Humble Servant,

F. M.

Greenwich-Hill.

Since every Mountain, where the Muses come,
 Is call'd *Parnassus*, and induces some
 Poetick Friend to celebrate its Name :
 Here, *Greenwich*, I attempt to sing Thy Fame.
 Led by the Wonders, which my ravish'd sight
 Views from Thy lovely Park's aspiring height.
 O! could I make my Numbers but attain
 To *Denham's* sweetness, not His Hill should gain
 A rise o'er Thee, nor yet proportion hold
 With Thy just Fame, which I could then unfold
 With greater force, transported with each grace
 So charming, that surrounds the lofty Place.
 Then should'st Thou be to me, as that to Him
Parnassus was, and merit more esteem.
 For That, exalted by his Muse alone,
 Without his Song had still remain'd unknown :
 But Thou by Nature such Renown dost claim,
 Thou want'st no Poet's Art to give Thee Fame.
 And if Thy various Beautys I could trace,
 As they deserve, with more than common grace,
 The Writer's credit, and the Poem's Fame
 Would spring from Thee, whilst Thou art still the same.
 Here then my rising Eye, before my Feet
 Ascend the Mount, so fair a Pile doth meet,
 As in a Poet's fancy well might prove
Apollo's Palace, or the Seat of *Jove*.
 And the aspiring Hill, on which 'tis lay'd,
 Might be *Parnassus*, or *Olympus* made.
 This view, which of a sudden strikes my sight,
 Fills me with so surprising a delight,
 That I'm o'erjoy'd at what I can descry
 From hence, nor wish more limits to my Eye.
 And viewing well this Prospect's Beauteous store,
 It gives me wonder to be promis'd more.

B

Thus

Thus in some Painter's outward room we find
 Enough to please and to surprize the Mind :
 And when the Artift labours to invite
 Our Eyes to more variety of fight,
 We part not without pain from what before
 We saw so pleasing, that we wish'd no more.

No steep Ascent discourages our Feet,
 But all so fair, and regular we meet,
 That fill'd with joy by gentle steps we rise
 To that fair House, which first confin'd our Eyes.
 But there arriv'd, and turning to look down,
 We wonder that we reach'd the Height To soon.

This House, Erected at a * King's Command, * Charles II.
 Displays the goodness of a Royal hand ;
 Nor is't, tho' small, unworthy of That Fame,
 But High, and Graceful, as its Founder's Name.

Here, *Flemsted*, mounted to This lofty Seat,
 Where all the Arts of thy profession meet,
 Thou shew'st Mankind how much improv'd by Thee
 Are all the wonders of Astronomy
 Thou, reverend Man, from Thy auspicious Hill
 Can'st all the secrets of the Stars reveal
 Thy Astrolabes are made with so much Art,
 They can the distance of the Sun impart.
 Discloſea Parallax i'th Heavenly Sphere,
 And shew the Place of every Wandering Star.
 Now shall we fear no more mistakes, we see
 Celestial Motions all set right by Thee.
 Nor need we mourn Great *Archimedes* Sphere,
 Lost tho' the finish'd Labour be, since here
 In Thee reviv'd his Genius doth appear.
 Nor doth Thy hand the hoarding Miser play,
 But all the Uses of Thy Art convey
 To serve Mankind. Now, *Flemsted*, give me leave
 Here from thy Walls That prospect to receive,
 Which Nature's wide indulgence doth afford
 To each surveying Eye.

Here

Here mine descending from the Hill salutes
 A pleasant Vale, whose constant Beauty suits
 The Queen's fair House, that seems below to vye
 With equal grace the Pile that stands so high.
 More safe, for This like every lofty state
 Is liable to Envy or to Hate:

The blasts of Fortune, or the rage of Winds,
 Which spoil the proudest, and the best Designs.
 Whilst That, like one with milder place content,
 Is less expos'd, more firm, and innocent.
 Here shouldst Thou dwell, my Muse, at least reveal
 What Gratitude forbids Thee to conceal:

That entering here, amidst the various Paint

* Old as it is, disdaining to be faint,

* By Rubens.

The Muses we behold divinely fair,
 With all the proper Emblems of their Care.

And here, O teach me to unfold that Birth,

Which dignifies so much this spot of Earth,

That of the Great *Eliza*, [so renown'd

In all the Arts of Empire, and so found

In Fame's Immortal Volume,] in whose time

True English worth most flourish'd in this Clime.

And as it rose with her, so her decrease

Made that decline, and almost with Her cease.

So doom'd a while, till Nature gain'd recruits,

Improv'd the Soil, and brought forth better fruits.

Here should my Praise enlarge, but that my Eye,

Too quick for Thought, beholds a Valley nigh:

Whose flow'ry Pasture oft invites to graze

Whole droves of the Horn'd Herd, a fearful race,

The Hunter's pastime, now retir'd for shade

Beneath a lofty Hill, by Nature made

A common and a safe retreat, to shun

A Northern tempest, or a scorching Sun.

Here they delight to wanton, play, and rove,

To make their Courtship, and enjoy their Love.

Rambling they Love, nor are to one confin'd,

But free as Air, and uncontroul'd as Wind.

No

No Law they know, but guided by their Eyes
 Take their own choice to Love or to despise.
 How then is Man deceiv'd! how weak, how vain
 Is He, who thinks by Reason to obtain
 Advantage over Brutes, who know no cares
 Of racking Love, no hopes, or wild despairs:
 But run with joy the destin'd course of Life;
 Ty'd to no Rule, no Slavery, no Wife!
 Whilst we triumphing falsely o'er their state,
 Misguided by our Reason, soon or late
 Split on the fatal Rocks of Love and Hate.
 Behind the Queen's another Royal Pile
 Next courts my view, the Hope of *Britains* Isle.

* A King's Foundation, and design'd his Seat,

* *Charles II.*

When State-affairs would suffer his retreat:

When care of Empire, and the toil of Power
 Had well prepar'd Him to enjoy an Hour.

Close to the Banks of Silver *Thames* it stands,

With Majesty it rises, and commands

A Noble Prospect, for at once it views

An English Fleet, our Isle's defence, and shews

A Mixture of all Nations and of Things,

Which the kind flood receiving, hither brings.

The view, I mean, it brings, for all the store

Unlades it self upon the Neighb'ring shore

Of the Fair City, whose extending fide

Swells in my Eye with so August a Pride,

So near me too, that did not here my Muse

Urge a suspence, I could not well refuse

More than a transient offering to its praise,

But that's reserv'd a while my thoughts to raise

Upon another View.

Crossing the Stream that flows between the Pile

And the next shore, we view a spacious Isle,

Whose bosom teeming by an ambient flood

Produces Plenty of such wholsom food,

That grazing here the worn, abandon'd Steed

Regains his Vigour, and renews his Speed.

Now gentle *Thames*, concern'd for our delight,
 Presents a hundred windings to our sight.

Which,

GREENWICH-HILL.

5 3

Which as they turn, still flow with such a grace,
 Giving so much advantage to each place
 They run between, that no *Mæander* shews
 Such turnings, or so fair a view bestows.
 See with what joyful haste He takes his course,
 Yet how serene, and how averse to force.
 No rapid Waves throughout his Chancel roll,
 Yet swift as Fame, that flies without controul.
 Tho' lib'ral, yet within his bounds he flows,
 And tho' reserv'd, He visits, as He goes,
 The Neighb'ring Meads, and cherishing the Earth,
 Presents the Mower with a plenteous birth.
 O happy *Thames*, whose current could invite
 Immortal *Denham's* Muse Thy praise to write!
 Now shall Thy just preeminence o'er All
 The Ocean's Sons, by no endeavours fall:
 By no dark cloud of Malice be o'ercast,
 As long as His eternal Work shall last.

Next *Windsor*, rising with a stately Meen,
 Shews his proud Head, aspiring to be seen
 So far remote from hence, tho' here it seems
 A distant Mountain only, when the Beams
 Of a clear Sun diffuse not o'er the place
 Their Brightness, to disclose its frame and grace.
 High, as the God's *Olympus*, seems the Hill
 On which it stands, and Shining doth reveal
 A Palace as Majestick, and as Fair,
 As Poets fruitful heads have fancy'd there.
 Thou, *Windsor*, too art happy in the praise
 Which the same Heavenly Muse to Thee did raise.
 Who knows not now Thy Beauty, and Thy force,
 Thy matchless *Hero's*, and their Warlike course,
 Thy *Garter's* first Original, and Fame,
 By King's esteem'd an Honour to their Name?
 Here when Desert has challeng'd from the King
 Thy Order, what profusion doth it bring
 Of Pomp and Beauty to Thy stately Quire,
 How do we throng to gaze, and to admire!
 And tho' devouring Time has left no Name
 Of Thy first Founder in the Books of Fame:

G

Yet

Yet this we know, that to suspend Thy Fate,
'Twas * *Charles* repair'd Thee, and enlarg'd Thy State.

* II.

Now, gentle Muse, assist me to return
To the King's House, that was so long forlorn,
Abandon'd, left unfinish'd, till a Queen,
[Equal in All to great *Eliza* seen,
Her Godlike Bounty, and capacious Soul,
The Arts of Empire, and success of Rule:
Now Equal too in Death, alas! O Weight
Of most uncomfortable Woe!] Partly in pity to its falling State,
But more by Love conducted, and by Fate,
Fond of Her People's Good, spread forth Her Mind,
Renew'd the Building, and its use design'd
For Poor, disabled Seamen, whom the War
Invading should deny from Wounds to spare.
See how the busy Lab'ers urge the Pile,
That is to Succour, and oblige our Isle.
Some hasten to extend its Walls, and some
Adorn the inward Roof, whilst These assume
The Carving part, and every Order shape,
And Those surveying let no Art escape
That may advance the Beauty of the Frame
As shining, as its second Founder's Name.
Just so the Bees, when Summer is begun
Spread o'er the Fields, and labour in the Sun.
Part cull the Blooming Flowers, and load their Thighs
With various Sweets, and part with humming Crys
Emit their Young, whilst others to relieve
The most oppress'd, their burdens do receive,
And bear them Home, where other Bees salute
Their safe Arrival, and dispose their Fruit
Within their Cells, or with unweari'd toil
Thicken the liquid Juice, and guard the Spoil.
Whilst Others rang'd in gallant order, drive
The Drones, a lazy Insect, from their Hive.
All urge the Work, whilst the *Nectar* Food
Exerts a fragrant Odour from the Wood.
Now shall our *England* flourish, and extend
Its greatness to the World's extremest end:

For

GREENWICH-HILL.

7

For since so Noble a support was made
By *William's* bounty for the Soldier's trade
Before at *Chelsey* (whose sweet fabrick might
Suffice alone for ample Theme to write)
By this enlargement of the Royal Mind,
The Nation's Soul shall be no more confin'd :
But wheresoe'er our Fleets or Armies go,
We'll spread our Glory, and insult our Foe.

Here rest, my Muse, a while to ease my fight,
Which grows unsteady with the distant flight
My Eyes have made, then gently hover round
What lies behind, and view the lofty ground.
Whilst I refresh my self beneath the shade
Of an adjacent Grove, supinely layd,
To ease my Limbs oppress'd and faint with heat,
Greedy of rest, impatient for retreat.
There will I lye, and wait Thy airy flight,
Rise at Thy call, and spread again my fight.

But 'tis in vain I beg a space for ease,
Not so the Muse, whom I invoke, decrees.
Grown passive I to her impressions bend,
Walk a few steps, and then my Eyes descend
Upon a *Visto*, whose unlook'd for sight
Strikes me with such amazement of delight,
That I no longer my complaints pursue,
But find new Vigour from the healing View.
So for a while an absent Friend we mourn,
And beg of Heav'n to hasten his return.
But should some lovely Dame invade our Eyes,
Whose aspect fills us with a sweet surprise,
No more we feel the torments of our grief,
But from each charming view we gain relief.

Here my transported Eye thro' even rows
Of Trees, which Mountains shelter and inclose,
Meets with so distant and so fair a sight,
So much variety of true delight,
That I'm concern'd, lest doubting which to choose,
My dazled Eyes amidst the heap should lose

Part

Part of the beauteous store. Assist me then
 Here, my companion Muse, and teach my Pen
 To set in order what my fight commands,
 And praise each worthy object, as it stands.

First then my careful Eye reviewing down,
 Salutes the Chapel of the Neighb'ring Town :
 Here the bright Dames, that dwell about the place,
 (And *Greenwich* boasts of some, whose Heavenly grace
 Commands remembrance) daily come to pay
 Thanks for those blessings, which their Charms display.
 Humble in all their Beauty may concern,
 But proud to those who for that Beauty burn.
 Not imitating Heaven, that was so kind
 To grace their Bodies, and enrich their Mind.
 Else would *Aurelia* match the purest flame,
 That ever touch'd a heart, or found a Name.
Aurelia, in whom sparkles every Grace,
Juno in Meen, and *Venus* in her Face.
Aurelia, whom the Groves and Walks rehearse,
 The Ornament, and Grandeur of my Verse.
 But oh ! the same both Groves and Walks repeat,
 That *Thyrsis* lies still dying at her Feet.

Next the fair River offers to my view
 A rising Grove of Ships, that gently flow
 In with the Tide, whose shaded Waters seem
 To be no part of the incircling Stream.
 Which might be ta'en for Land, as here it shews,
 But for the Motion which the Ships disclose.
 Tall Sons of Oak, that on the Waves aspire
 To lift themselves above their lofty Sire
 That grew at Land, and by the help of Sails
 Waiting for Seasons, and for prosp'rous Gales,
 Spread the wide Ocean o'er, and for our use
 Bring home the Riches that all Climes produce :
 Whilst the whole World with fear and wonder meets
 Our Flags, and pays low homage to our Fleets.
 Which still with all their Pride my Eyes can trace
 Winding the River to salute that Place,

Which

Which claims their just Obedience, and gives
 To them that succour it from them receives.
 Here *London* swelling doth it self present
 So stately, and with such a huge extent,
 That my fix'd Eye with admiration fill'd:
 Dwells on a view, that such a scene doth yield
 Of lofty Monuments, that rise so high,
 As if they would again the Heavens defy,
 And make the Earth contiguous with the Sky.
 Among the rest, contending for the Height,
 Two the most eminent engage my Sight.
 Both with such state, and such a tow'ring rise,
 As if they scorn'd the reach of humane Eyes:
 But swell'd with emulation would aspire
 To be consum'd in Elemental Fire.
 As Rival Statesmen, scorning to abide
 An Equal, often sink beneath their pride,

In a more humble, yet a sweet Ascent
 The City's Fortress doth it self present
 Full in my Eye, and with an easier Face
 (In all its compass strength unites with Grace.)
 Diverts the horror of the former sight,
 Rais'd by the Rival Spire's amazing height.
 From hence our numerous Armies are supply'd
 With all their Stores, here *William* can provide
 For greater Forces, nor would yet the Place
 Appear exhausted, but disclose a face
 Of vast surrounding War, to shew our store
 By Him made endless, as our Isle secure.
 Here are the Regal Ensigns kept with care
 In solemn state, amidst the Pomp of War.
 An Emblem of our Monarch's lofty Name,
 Who has so much surpass'd all Kings in Fame,
 In Fields of Battel, and at home in peace,
 Born to Triumph, and make Disorder cease.

Nor doth this famous Tower alone disclose
 Peculiar Wonders of our own, but shews

D

Variety

Variety of Creatures hither brought
 By curious Men from Countries far remote,
 As Presents fit for Kings, who here maintain
 The Captive Beasts, such as the *Lybian* Plain
 And Desarts of wild *Africk* once obey'd
 As Lords of all their Wast, and barb'rous Shade.
 Till Men by Stratagem their Power controul'd,
 And dar'd to seize them in their strongest hold.

Now my unsteady Eye removing flies
 O'er all the lofty buildings, and espies
 Beyond their wide extent a spacious Hill,
 Whose gentle rise, and fruitful sides reveal
 A beauteous Prospect, and whose tow'ring height
 Looks o'er the stately Town, and bounds my sight.
 Its lofty top seems level with the Sky,
 Affording Wonder, as it gives me joy.
 Whilst o'er its wide, extended face is seen
 Perpetual bloom, and ever springing Green.
 * O could I rise like Thee, and make Thy height
 The graceful measure of my Muse's flight!
 Bounded tho' wide, tho' mild, yet full of state,
 High without Force, without aspiring Great.

* In allusion to
 Sir John Denham.

Here, *Hamsted*, I should dwell upon thy praise;
 Search all Thy Beauties, and delight to gaze
 Upon Thy face, could but my lab'ring Eyes
 Preserve their Vigour, and avoid Surprise.
 But such Thy distance is, and such Thy grace,
 That dazled with Thy lustre, and the space
 That lies between, my strain'd, o'erburden'd sight
 Is forc'd to lose Thy Beauty, and Thy height.

But so surrounded is the lovely Hill,
 Whereon I stand, with Perspectives that fill
 My Eyes with Admiration and Delight,
 That wheresoe'er I turn, I please my sight
 With some new Prospect, such variety,
 Such mixture of extremes in all I see,
 Of Joy and Wonder, that my ravish'd Eyes
 Delcry throughout a perfect Paradise.

But

But that which most delights me, is that Pair
 Of Groves, where all that's pleasant, sweet, or fair
 In Art or Nature doth oblige my sight,
 And where a Maze of Walks might well invite
 The God of Love to keep his amorous Court,
 His wanton Revells, and his Midnight sport.
 The Muses too with all their train might here
 Indulge their thoughts apart, nor interfere
 With other pastime, but apply their trade,
 Tune all their Harps, and court *Apollo's* Aid.
 Then in a Critical, well-chosen hour,
 The God inspiring, use his offer'd Power.
 O happy Groves, that thus may conscious prove
 Of heavenly Numbers, and Celestial Love !
 Here, various Dames we see, divinely Bright,
 Walk in these Shades, when Time and Air invite.
 Doom'd to disquiet we their steps pursue,
 And unprepar'd feel wounds at every view.
 But oh ! *Aurelia* shoots the keenest dart,
 Which not my sense alone, but pierces thro' my Heart.

As in the Groves of lofty *Cynthus*, when
Diana walks with all her shining train
 To seek some cool retreat, each lovely Maid
 Reflects a thousand graces thro' the Shade.
 The Goddess by her Stature, Shape, and Air,
 Majestically tall, proportion'd, fair,
 Surpasses all the rest : such here we see
Aurelia, when She leads her Company
 Within the Groves on this delightfull Hill ;
 So doth She Shine, such Excellence reveal.

O lovely *Greenwich*, how dost thou surprise
 Our Souls with Wonder, and with Joy our Eyes !
 Thy num'rous different Beauties to rehearse
 Requires the strength of more exalted Verse.
 Fain would I trace them, but my stock of Art
 Is unproportion'd to the willing part.
 Yet sure 'twere stupid to forget to Name
 The RANGER of Thy Park, so high in Fame.

DORSET,

DORSET the Patron, and the Rule of Wit,
 The Nation's Honour, and the Court's Delight;
 The Soul of Goodness, and the Spring of Sense;
 The Poets Theme, Reward, and Great Defence.
 Here when the restless toil of being Great,
 Makes Him retire from all the Pomp of State,
 Free with a chosen Friend, He takes his ease,
 Unbends his Mind, and tastes the Joys of Peace;
 Reads o'er the Poets with impartial Eyes,
 And then determines who shall fall or rise.
 So in old Rome, when weary of Affairs
 Of State, *Mæcenas* would release his cares:
 Fond of retreat, with *Horace* only blest,
 He left his Grandeur, and his Joy confest.
 Judg'd with like freedom what the *Romans* writ,
 Which was base Metal, and which Standard Wit.

FINIS.

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